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The Student's Pen



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THE VIOLET'S STORY

By Dorothy Shelton

I could hear the pitter-patter
Of her feet above my head,
I could feel the soft, warm fragrance
Of the many tears she shed.

And they stirred in me a longing
To leave my winter bed,
To push away the rich brown earth
That lay upon my head.

Yet her teardrops did not cease
As she gazed down on me,
So, I dared to ask her,
"What, April, saddens thee?"

"These are not tears of sorrow
That I shed on you today
But tears of joy," she said, "because
I greet my sister, May."

Presently the sisters came,
Walking side by side,
Drawing close, May kissed me,
And I spread my petals wide.

On the Editor's Desk



ANSWER TO YOUTH'S PROBLEMS

By Isabel Knollmeyer

THE one redeeming quality that has developed from the depression and that stands as the challenger of the whole troop of its malignant forces is courage. There has been perhaps no better stimulus to make us meet today's problems with a resolute attitude than this present depression. It has brought out the finest and most vital qualities requisite to success.

It seems that instead of being overcome with discouragement and a feeling of utter futility, the youth of today are electrified with their own spirited perseverance and dogged determination to make good. What better example have we of this persistence for self-betterment than the fact that, despite increased college rates, students are still marching from the colleges every June in broad ranks.

If we reflect upon this yearly output we cannot fail to realize the consequence of this dynamic struggle going on behind the college stage. This struggle is the most complete preparation that the future leaders of our

country could experience; for it is in reality but a miniature of the actual contest ahead. This fight to make their way through college is instilling the youth with the characteristics of leadership and self-reliance. However, are these encouraging attributes the only requirements for success? Certainly not. Although they form a stable foundation for the future, the greatest need of the participants in the developed fields is high specialization. In other words this struggle must continue until we reach the top.

Today, as all branches of employment have expanded, competition has naturally become more acute. Therefore it is essential for all of us to put our talents to the most rigorous test in order to advance in these fields of industrial rivalry.

It is an admitted fact that without education opportunities for advancement are naught. Even a four year college course is but a beginning. It is quite obvious then, that perfection in specialization must be the inevitable goal of the coming leaders.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

By Armand V. Feigenbaum

ONE of the great lacks in the abundance of extra curricular activity offered the student of Pittsfield High School is dramatic opportunity, whether of acting or appreciation. Dramatics, however, are extremely valuable to us as they not only give vent to the human desire to give expression to feelings and conceptions not our own, but also help us in after life in our business and social contacts.

The great benefits which may be derived can, at once, be seen. Imitation, or acting, is instinctive in us, and from it, humorous or otherwise, we naturally gain enjoyment. The assumption of character is the best way to receive this enjoyment. The ability to fit into a foreign character and become that character, for the time being, is very valuable. In drama, it is fine practice to transform the black and white written part, whether it be of villain, hero, or simple man into a living, breathing human. In humorous plays, the ability to time a "wisecrack" so that it is sprung at the precise time at which it is most funny, and also handling a part with necessary lightness and wit are gains to the actor. Also, since it is admittedly more difficult to stand before an audience and act than to do anything else before the group, self-consciousness is overcome. Thus the advantages of such an organization can be readily seen: we enjoy ourselves; we gain valuable experience, which may be useful in business or social life, in interpreting humorous or melodramatic characters; and we rid ourselves of self-consciousness.

Some years ago, a dramatic club literally folded up for lack of interest. Since that time, the only opportunity for obtaining dramatic training has been offered us in our senior year in the Senior play. Even in this, but few, and those the best, are given chances. Today we

have a dramatic club, supported by a few enterprising students, which is attempting to meet this need. They, however, cannot succeed alone. Dramatics are both useful and valuable; why not come up to one of the meetings of the dramatic club. You will have lost nothing but a few minutes which probably would have been wasted anyway; but, if you are like many, you will find what will become your hobby. If you have not the physical equipment for acting, you can obtain the appreciation of good drama which few possess. You profit all around. Why not "give it a whirl". It will be worthwhile.

THE WALL

By Isabelle Sayles

My friend and I once built a wall
That stood between us two,
So strong we built it, very soon
Our love could not look through.

Its firm foundation only was
A transitory doubt;
That grew and stronger grew,
Until we shut each other out.

Too high it was to peer above,
Too proud were we to bend.
Each time we thought to tear it down
Too anxious were to mend.

My friend and I once built a wall,
Now sadly I admit
That, though I do not like the wall,
I helped to fashion it.

Student Literature



GARDENING WITH THE POETS

By Miss Isabel Power



MISS ISABEL POWER

A POET, not of New England, sings of the spicewood, "so honey-colored and so tall," as the first sign of spring: "It is as though the young Year, ere he pass To the white riot of the cherry tree, Would fain accustom us, or here, or there, To his new sudden ways with bough and grass, So starts with what is humble, plain to see, And all familiar as a cup, a chair,"

while a poet of our own New England writes:
The rain last night
Threw a green net over the lilacs and apples
And a yellow net over the willows.
Watch out blackbirds—
The robins are tapping smooth lawns for worms
And are making prayers for the shadows
When the sun goes down."

You and I may think of other signs of spring. We hear spring in the cawing of a crow as it flaps laboriously across the grey March sky. We see it in the fragrant pink and white arbutus, guarded by sturdy bronze-green leaves; and feel it as our fingers caress the kitten-soft, silver-grey fur of the pussy willow; but your true garden enthusiast, no less than the poet, has perceived signs of spring long before we ordinary mortals dream of it. While

"The shadowed mountain
Shoulders its forests up to meet the evening star,"

and

"No wind is stirring the frosted earth,
No sound snaps the chill crystal of the air
Except, far off, a dull boom from the ice bound pond,"

this gardener is poring over his seed catalog. Like the wizard, who

"to a northern king

At Christmas-tide such wonderous things did show,

*That through one window men beheld the
spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,—
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day,"*

the postman, who plodded through whirling snow and bent to meet the hissing sleet of January, brought to the door this gay har-binger of spring. On the front cover blossom marigolds of guinea gold or purple petunias; more humbly, on the back cover, are displayed red-ripe tomatoes and succulent peas.

Out comes the pencil then, and seed lists are prepared. Wise must the gardener be in his choice of seeds. He has learned by bitter experience that some of these flowers, so temptingly displayed, are too exotic for this exacting climate of ours. Foresight, too, is needed; for the gardener must plan carefully that his plot may be supplied with bloom as month succeeds month. The fresh beauty of May and June must not fade to leave a barren place in July and August. A sense of order dictates that the tall flowers of the border courteously stand back to let their shorter comrades have place in the front row. Never believe that education is found only in books. A wise teacher says: "Education is something which will broaden the interests and sympathies of people regardless of their daily occupation—or along with it—to lift men's thoughts out of the monotony and drudgery which are the common lot, to free the mind from herd opinion, to train habits of judgment and of appreciation of value, to carry on the struggle for human excellence in our day and generation, to temper passion with wisdom, to dispel prejudice by better knowledge of self, to enlist all men, in the measure that they have capacity for it, in the achievement of civilization;" and did not the wisest poet of all the centuries tell us that we may find, "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stone, and good in everything"?

"Good" of many kinds we may, indeed, find in our gardens, whether they be large or small. Here is health to be found in work under the warm sun. What though the gardener's muscles ache with unaccustomed toil? Deep and dreamless will be his slumber. No victim of insomnia he! There is healing in the touch of the earth. As the soil sifts slowly through his fingers, the cares of life recede. He feels as did the poet who wrote:

*"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.*

*And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to
where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings,"*

For it is indeed true:

*"Who walks with beauty holds inviolate
The guarded secrets of the years to come,
Sees unborn Aprils crowding at the gate
Of living gardens white with petaled plum;
Sifts dust of rainbows through his finger tips
And kindles sunsets on the mountain range;
Holds shadow-like pale jasmine to his lips,
Grows intimate with all that once was
strange."*

A wholesome humility comes to him, and reverence; for, with that other garden-poet he realizes:

*"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contentends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."*

A PAL GAINED

By Roberta K. Paul

THE wind howled, and the rain came down in torrents. Doors opened and closed quickly as tired men and women sought the shelter of their warm homes, and soon the dark and dreary street was almost deserted. But the small boy only drew his worn and ragged coat a little closer about him and hastened onward. What cared he for the wind and the storm, for his heart was warm within him, and his grimy hand tightly clutched a precious dollar bill. Oh, the errands he had run, and the bundles he had carried to earn that bit of money. But now he was not thinking of the countless tasks he had performed. Rather he was dreaming of a pair of shining silver skates he had seen recently in a store window. They would soon be his if—oh, would he ever get there? Never before had the sturdy legs seemed so slow or the way so long.

Suddenly straight up to the boy dashed a terrified puppy with drooping tail and quivering body. Close at his heels came three ragamuffins brandishing sticks and muttering savage threats.

The boy's eyes flashed as he challenged them bravely.

"Hey, stop that," he cried.

"Sez who?"

"Mind you own business."

"Yeah, if you're so interested, why don't you buy him?"

"Is he yours?"

"Yeah, he's mine all right."

"How—how much is he?"

"One buck—not a cent less."

The boy hesitated. Those skates—no he couldn't give them up. But the dog's frightened eyes were upon him. He seemed to be pleading for help and protection. The boy's heart sank. He swallowed hard. Then abruptly he thrust forth the hand which held the money.

"Here take it," was all he said, and the three urchins needed no second invitation. Snatching the dollar, they ran quickly down the street.

The boy gazed forlornly after them. His lips trembled, but resolutely he choked back the tears. He might be disappointed, but he certainly wasn't a crybaby. Slowly he turned back. There was no reason for going on now. The skates were not for him. It was difficult indeed to make the sacrifice.

Suddenly a damp, pink tongue timidly caressed the boy's clenched fist. He glanced down. He had quite forgotten about the puppy who was the cause of all his woe.

"I 'spose you feel just as bad as I do," he murmured, stooping to smooth the bedraggled little creature. "Gee, you're a cute thing," he added as the tail wagged ingratiatingly at the note of kindness in his voice. Suddenly he was struck by a new idea.

"You're alive," he mused, "And you won't break or wear out like a new toy. I bet you'd be a real pal to a feller. He could have lots of fun with you, too. Why," the boy's eyes shone, and his voice was eager, "I'd rather have you than all the skates in the world."

And master and dog trotted contentedly homeward.

FAREWELL TO THE OCEAN

By Esther Strout

(Written in September, 1935)

SUMMER days are over, and I turn my steps reluctantly inland,—homeward, back to the hills.

Farewell, unbounded sea, reaching outward to meet the sky at the dim horizon! Farewell to great stretches of fine, white sand bordering your lovely deep blue! Farewell to hours spent idly by your side in solitary comfort, watching you creep up until you crash with all your energy at high tide! I am going to the hills. I am going home where one's vision is cut off by lofty mountains, hemming one in on all sides. Farewell, unbounded sea! I am going home.

Farewell to ocean bathing! Farewell to the invigorating plunge into the icy surf on a stifling summer day! Farewell to the thrill of being swept from our feet by an unexpected breaker! Farewell to the tang of the briny sea and the slithering of the sea weed around our legs! Farewell to ocean bathing! I am going home. I am going to a region where bathing is done in small lakes, warmed by the sun, or in swimming pools, or bath tubs. I am going away from the fascinating tide; I am going to the hills.

Farewell to nights by the sea! Farewell to the gentle lapping of the waves at low tide and the roar of the breakers when they burst on the shore at flood! Farewell to gleaming light houses, guiding the sailors in the black, silent night! Farewell to slowly traveling lights of fishing schooners and modern ocean liners! Farewell to the great silver ball which rises out of the sea to send to shore a narrow path of dancing moonbeams! Farewell to stars twinkling so brightly on clear summer evenings! Farewell, lovely nights by the sea! I am going to the hills. I am going where nights are oppressively quiet and peaceful;

where the only sound is that of an occasional breeze murmuring in the pines; where the only light is the lonely revolving air-beacon in the distance. I am going home where the moon seems smaller and less brilliant as it creeps up late in the evening from behind the hills. Farewell beautiful evenings by the ocean! I am going home!

Farewell, majestic sea! Farewell to your glorious blue extending to blend with the lighter blue of the sky. Farewell to days following a storm when your shore is thronged with bathers, few of whom dare venture far enough to swim in your merciless surf! Farewell to each great wave madder than the last; to your undertow, powerful and terrifying. Farewell, great sea, so majestic and sublime! I am going to the hills, back to be shut in by the mountains, towering, silent, changeless. Farewell, wonderful ocean!

In Memoriam

Grace Arpante

Class of 1939

1920—1936

THE PROS AND CONS OF BEING A P. G.

By Irma S. Palme

GRADUATION night—After three years of more or less hard work as a student at P. H. S., to walk across the stage and receive that coveted diploma from Mayor Bagg. Thrilling moment—one never to be forgotten. Then the banquet, our last meeting as a whole class, and being addressed for the first time as "Alumni of P. H. S." It is with mixed feelings that one hears this for the first time, a feeling of pride which comes naturally to one who has graduated from such a fine school, mingled with a feeling of sorrow for the joyful days which we have left behind. Someone has said that one's high school days are the happiest days of one's life, and how true it seems as we look back on those three years crowded with all kinds of excitement—from Junior Proms to football and basketball—from the county debates to the annual gym exhibitions. Then, after the banquet, a few days to catch up on lost sleep, and soon, in most cases, back to school again in the entirely different role of a P. G.

As a lowly sophomore, I must confess I looked forward with eagerness to the days when I could join the ranks of the P. G.'s, those exalted creatures who rarely, if ever, do any homework, who take as few or as many subjects as they please, and who, best of all, can come to school just before their first class and can go home when the last one is over. No last period or first period study hours to sit through, discovering the mechanics of the clock. Now that I have reached that goal, I am disappointed and disillusioned; I wish I were a sophomore again. Then, at least, I wouldn't be treated as an outsider, as I am now. For no one cares what marks we get; there is no one to whom it makes any difference what time we come to school or when we go home; in fact, there is no one who pays very much attention to

us poor P. G.'s at all. Somewhat different from those happy days of, "Well, haven't you got a slip?" if you were late, or "If you want to graduate with your class, you'd better make up those low marks." Gone forever, those hectic days full of class meetings and committee meetings, last minute re-sittings for the class picture, ring orders, measurements for caps and gowns, and all the accompanying excitement of the last days before graduation. Then, after two glorious days, just memories.

When I confided to a friend sometime before graduation what a grand time I thought I was going to have as a P. G., he said to me: "Irma, you're going to hate being a P. G. You'll be just a nuthin'. Not a college freshman or even a high school senior. Just a nuthin' ". At the time, I remember I laughed at him, but now I realize the truth of that statement. I seem to be struggling to hold on to the fast-slipping threads of the old life before grasping those of the new.

Of course, the life of a P. G. isn't quite so blue as, perhaps, I've led you to believe. Life does have its compensations. What a delicious feeling to roll over and sleep another hour, secure in the thought there will be no "Irma, get up or you'll be late for school". You are a P. G., and you don't have to go to school until your first class starts, maybe at nine-thirty or if you are lucky ten-thirty. And it is rather nice to be able to leave early for a movie, a game of tennis, or a swim, made all the more enjoyable, of course, by the thought that your fellow mortals are still slaving over Muzzey or Mr. Herberg's latest mathematical "gem" and longing for the privileges of a P. G. But to me, the crowning delight is that, if I don't like history, I don't have to take it; if

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IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO---

By Edith Moore

IT was spring, but that didn't help Tommy Turner. As he slowly walked home, he thought things over. His hat was tipped carelessly upon the back of his head, showing an unruly mop of hair; his unbuttoned coat hung limply at his sides. He had loosened his collar; his tie, he carried in his hand. His head was bent low; he watched his feet as they scuffed along. He failed to hear the cheerful voice that called to him from across the street.

"Hey fella, what's wrong, lose your best friend?"

This time he heard.

He looked up. Light came to his blue eyes, and a friendly smile crossed his freckled face. He crossed the street, and joined his friend, Jack Rogers. As they walked toward Tommy's house, he told his friend of his plight. It seemed that since Chuck Williams moved to town, Tommy wasn't seeing much of his girl, Peggy Adams. She was completely taken up with Chuck's automobile, fine manners and "swell clothes," Tommy thought. He felt that Chuck was a selfish, conceited boy who cared only for his own whims. Tommy did not wish to lose his girl to this kind of boy.

"Well," said Jack, "the only thing you can do is talk to Peggy."

"Talk to her!" Tommy repeated, shocked. Jack just didn't know Peggy!

They thought it over carefully that evening. Finally they hit upon an idea in which they were to enlist Jack's sister Lynda's aid.

Two weeks later while Tommy was spending the evening with Peggy, she acted strangely, he thought. After a while, he shifted the conversation to Chuck. (He acted as though he'd forgotten that Peggy was interested in him).

"I saw Chuck and Lynda last night," he said casually.

"Yes?" Peggy said coolly.

"Nice looking pair, aren't they?"

"Oh! yes," Peggy said with a note of sarcasm.

"Lynda is a real beauty," Tommy said, pretending not to notice her reactions.

Suddenly Peggy became angry. Jumping up she cried, "Listen, Tommy Turner, you keep quiet about Lynda and her old Chuck. I never want to see them again. I don't want to see you, either!" With that, she left the room, thrusting poor Tommy into the blackest despair. All was lost; now she hated him! "If she ever finds out that Lynda is only helping me—What will I do—," Tommy thought.

That next afternoon a great many things happened. For one, Charles Williams found himself in trouble. He had been the treasurer of a club of boys at school, and had been found guilty of "borrowing" from the money trusted to his care.

His parents came to school and talked with the principal for a long time. It was finally decided that the money would be paid back, Charles would withdraw from the club, and the whole matter would be kept quiet.

The only persons to find out the unhappy story were the members of the club, of which Jack was a member. Of course, he told Tommy and his sister. She said that she would have nothing more to do with Chuck, but she promised to help, in her own way.

Peggy and Lynda had been friends long before they ever heard of Chuck Williams. Lynda was determined that they would be again. Just how she did it is of no importance. The fact remains, she did it.

(Continued on Page 24)

AUNT MARY'S CHOICE

By Roberta K. Paul

MOTHER, I do wish you would make Jean wash her face before she comes to the table. I was so ashamed of her yesterday. She never seems to—. Johnny, must you interrupt when I'm speaking?"

Helen frowned at her brother, who scowled in return and nonchalantly finished what he had started to say. The family was accustomed to Helen's critical comments and for the most part merely ignored them.

Thus, Mr. Maxim, unperturbed by his daughter's exclamation of annoyance, glanced up from the letter he was reading.

"Aunt Mary writes that she is coming to visit us for a week or so. She adds that she would like to have one of the girls spend the winter with her in California. Would you like to go?"

"Would I! I hope she chooses me," and Jean clapped her hands in delight at the prospect of such a trip.

"Well, she certainly won't ask you," snapped her sister. "You're becoming more of a tomboy every day, and I'm sure that she for one won't encourage you. Hurry if you want to come with me, and for heaven's sake comb your hair."

* * * * *

It was the day of Aunt Mary's arrival. Everything was in readiness, and the family was waiting to welcome her—all except Jean, who at the last minute was nowhere to be found. Helen as usual scolded impatiently.

"She would disappear now," she grumbled. "I suppose I'll have to look for her."

But suddenly a car drove up, and the missing girl was forgotten for a time in the confusion which followed.

Aunt Mary kissed everyone affectionately and then inquired for Jean.

"Why, I don't know where she is," began Mrs. Maxim, then stopped abruptly as her daughter burst into the room and catching sight of the visitor greeted her with a hearty hug.

"Jean, where on earth have you been?" Helen was horrified. "Just look at your dress."

"Well—er—I—er," Jean was obviously embarrassed as all eyes were fastened upon her torn and soiled frock. "Well, the dog next door chased my kitten up a tree. So—so—"

"So what happened?" prompted her Aunt.

"I climbed up after it, and I tore my dress. I'm sorry, but I really couldn't help it."

"I should think you'd be more careful." Helen was indignant. "You think more of that horrid, old cat than you do of anything else."

Aunt Mary said nothing, but her keen eyes darted quickly from one girl to the other. Helen, interpreting her silence to mean disapproval of Jean's escapade, murmured contentedly to herself, "Now she'll surely invite me."

Nor did she have any reason for thinking otherwise in the days that followed. She exerted herself to please her aunt and lost no opportunity to express her dislike of the pranks which Jean was continually playing.

A week had passed, and Aunt Mary was soon to return home. One evening she broached the subject which had absorbed the attention of her nieces during her entire visit.

"By the way," she said, "I hope you will let Jean spend the winter with me. You see," she explained as everyone stared at her in surprise, "I was also considered a tomboy when I was Jean's age, and my family thoroughly disapproved of me. So I quite understand how she feels."

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ON CHEWING GUM

By Catherine Donna

CHEWING-GUM! Do not little thrills of excitement run up and down your spine, and does not your mouth water in ecstasy as you read those two magical words? No? Well then, have you not at some time felt the aesthetic pleasure one derives from such a pastime? If not, you do not fully realize the importance of gum, and your education has been sadly neglected.

Gum plays an important part in the life of the average individual. A casual glance around any studyhall will show you that the student who chews gum can study twice as well as one who does not, and that he lacks that frowning look of deep concentration so often visible on the brows of those who have forgotten their spearmint. When you have over-indulged at dinner, gum will help you regain your natural exuberance of spirits. Or if you have skipped off to school without your breakfast, gum will help keep you alive until lunch. It is, moreover, an excellent antidote for sea-sickness.

The world may be divided into two classes of people—those who chew gum and those who do not. Teachers are usually included in the latter category; students in the former. These student gum-chewers are usually one of three types. First there is the conservative gum-chewer who scarcely moves his jaws and can hardly be detected in the act. This student can usually make one stick of gum last all day and is scarcely ever told to "Put that in the basket!" He is apt to be one to whom gum-chewing is a ritual and a deed not to be omitted from the day's schedule. The second type chews gum when someone gives it to him, but would not dream of buying it for himself. As he is a novice at the art, he may be somewhat conspicuous and is usually forced to surrender his gum before the end of the first period. The third type

does not chew gum very often, but when he does indulge, he does it with a bang. He buys bubble gum and chews it with gusto!

So much for the types of gum-chewers; now for the times to chew it. It seems that gum cannot be chewed any time, any place. Teachers, for instance, have a decided antipathy to students whose jaws move up, down, and around all day long. They seem to resent the fact that the students can derive so much pleasure from a cent's worth of Spearmint, Juicy Fruit, Teaberry, Beechnut, or whatever you chew; and they promptly order you to discard it. Not only do they forbid it in class, but they can dwell for hours on the subject of chewing gum at concerts, plays, and other supposedly educative affairs. It appears that you may chew gum only in private, at basketball games, or at the movies. As everyone else is also engaged in the pastime, you are merely doing your duty when you masticate your Wrigley's.

Gum-chewing, however, like everything else has its bad side. Some gum-chewers seem to hate to part with their gum and will do anything to preserve it. When asked to put it in the basket, they hurl half of it at full speed basketwards and retain the other portion under their tongues. Others place theirs under chairs, tables, and other convenient articles—with what purpose I cannot discover—certainly not for future reference. Another class chews gum loudly in your ears. Still another class seem to become invested with a new loquacity, the minute they remove the wrapper from a stick, and they will bore you for hours at a time unless you are careful. However, outside these few bad points, gum-chewing is an agreeable enough occupation and when chewed in the proper manner at the proper times, gum should be beneficial for all.

FENCING

By Fred Stebbins

(This article is the second in a series on the subject of hobbies.)

FENCING is one of the few pastimes that have survived the centuries and are still enjoyed by people today. Its present form is very nearly the same as that of the Middle Ages. The art of fence, called a sport now, was in antiquity one of the most useful arts a man could be proficient in, were he to live to a ripe old age and die a natural death.

Fencing was known even to the old Roman gladiators, who actively engaged in this sport. During the ages following, however, it fell into disuse because of the increased amount of armor that was being worn. In that period heavy, cumbersome, two-handed swords and lances were common. But as the day of armor declined, throughout Europe there sprang up schools teaching scientific swordplay. Then began the golden age of fencing. Italy was the first methodically to instruct its pupils in this art, and it gained many adherents there because of the peculiar condition of society at that time; next it spread rapidly through Spain, where certain minor changes were instituted in the method of attack and defence; then it came to the country which most individually influenced the trend in the art of foil, and is probably to this day the leader in the fencing world—France.

At present, there are three weapons in general use: the epee, which is the direct descendant of the dueling sword; the foil, which is a sort of cousin to the epee, being a lighter, more supple weapon; and the sabre, a heavier weapon than either of the other two and is devoted mainly to cutting and slashing.

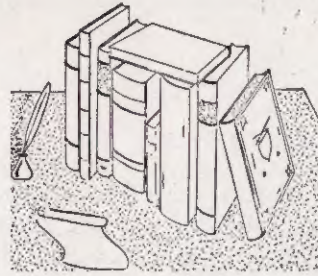
Fencing is a sport which does not require great physical strength, and yet develops gradually, without strenuous exercise, a considerable amount of physical power. It depends to the greatest extent upon the mind rather than upon the muscles, developing a quickness of eye and brain that alone justifies one in its participation. It is not a dangerous game, for if a few simple safety rules are observed, it is not as rough or as perilous as boxing.

To gain a great amount of self-satisfaction and pleasure in this game does not require as much outlay of expense as does golf or even tennis. For about ten dollars a foil, jacket, and mask can be obtained. A special court is unnecessary and the game may be played summer and winter, indoors and out. In Pittsfield, good instruction is very reasonably priced, and membership in a fencing club is open to all interested. The sport is a very popular one with girls too, about one-fourth of the club members being young women.

The greatest honor that can be gained in this sport, in America at least, is to be asked to participate in the Olympics. Though Americans have brought home very few trophies as yet, in competition with European foil experts, in time when the sport is more widely studied than it is at present, the United States will present serious opposition.

It is a very exhilarating exercise, and there is no reason why in the near future it cannot be rated as one of the major sports in this country.

En garde! Pleasant fencing!



Books on Parade

By Fred Stebbins

THE *Way of a Transgressor*, by Negley Farson. Six hundred pages—each page recalling our wildest dreams of the ideal life—of adventure, facts, and opinions in exactly the right careless proportion to satisfy the most exacting reader. It is quite clear why *The Way of a Transgressor* is a national best-seller. . . . Mr. Farson writes vividly of his well-rounded boyhood—he was sent to Andover to suppress his desire for running away from the family fold, but was suspended for ten weeks along with thirty others for revenging his roommate's dismissal; enjoyed his hectic days at General Negley's, who was rather a failure financially, occasionally vacationing on his father's yacht fishing and duck hunting to his heart's delight. Is it any wonder that he naturally followed such an adventurous adult life? It is written with such frankness and vitality that it affects one as would a cool breeze on a stuffy midsummer's day.

European Journey, by Sir Philip Gibbs. In this account Mr. Gibbs records the hopes and fears of the workers and common people of Central Europe. As he leisurely motors through the different lands he interviews some of the unknown thousands to gain their impressions of their uncertain future. The author also gives us interesting pictures of the quaint provincial towns he inspects.

Out of the Test Tube, by Harry N. Holmes. It shows how vastly important is the laboratory to the lives and health of the public, in peace and in war. The book explodes many pseudo-scientific beliefs gullible America is

made to swallow. It is quite entertaining and packs beneath its covers a wealth of general knowledge for the layman's benefit, on a very vital subject.

The Exile, by Pearl S. Buck. The beautiful "portrait of an American mother" who was a missionary's wife in China. It was exile for Carie, loving America as she did. And yet, when she went home for the birth of one of her children, she felt that she must ultimately return to China, having conceived strong attachments there also. A very beautiful and thrilling story of a charming woman's life.

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh, by Franz Werfel. A very vivid picture of the Armenian massacre during the World War. An unforgettable episode to them, it will be deeply impressed on our minds too, when we read of it. Mr. Werfel deals chiefly with the hardship, privations, lack of food and good medical care, and the victories credited to that handful of courageous people who withstood the efforts of large Turkish forces until aid came. Think of it, a few hundred women, children, and men huddled together in a natural barrier on top of a mountain—not knowing when they would be captured and tortured, or whether aid would ever come!

Why Keep Them Alive, by Paul de Kruif. The more science learns, the more poverty destroys is the theme of this thought provoking book. In his other books Mr. de Kruif has always told us of the tremendous sacrifices of the laboratory research workers and their hard won battles against disease. Now he is

(Continued on Page 23)

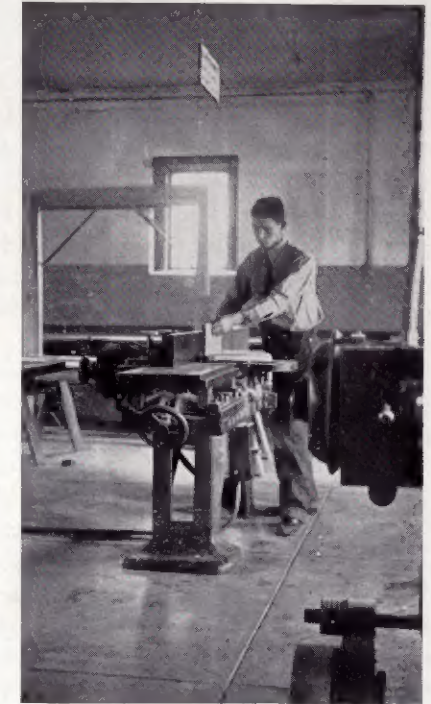
THROUGH THE VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

By Richard F. Lacatell

EVERY student in Pittsfield High School at some time must have seen the section of the building that is set aside for the Vocational School. He must have read the signs indicating that here is the printing department and that there is the painting shop. As he has looked through the windows at the scene of continuous activity, the student has, perhaps, wondered just what it all meant. What are the school's objectives and what has it accomplished? Because the answer to these questions should prove of interest and because the school is really doing something for the students, an imaginary trip through the shop should not be without value.

What is a Vocational School? First, it is a trade school that aims to develop in each student a dexterity in doing a variety of jobs—a skill and a knowledge that will assist him to advance to those jobs most likely to be open to him after a few years' experience. It serves to develop good work and a good social attitude. By doing a part of a real job there is set up within the person a confidence that he can do socially worthwhile work. An interest and a pride in doing such work is created. The principal idea of the whole plan is "to bridge the gap between the academic school and industry by providing work and environment like that of industry, together with instructors who understand both industry and adolescents."

But let us go down to the school and see how these objectives are being accomplished. We find that it is really a small factory divided into its many departments, related because of their connection with a main office. An order sent to the school must first go to this office. Here a "shop card" is filled out with the particulars of the job: the number, date received and date to be delivered, estimated cost, and assignment to one or more departments. A



duplicate card follows the job through its various steps toward completion. The actual time and cost of every operation is set down as it is finished. Surely this system differs very little from that followed by the largest industry.

The carpentry shop should hold a special interest for those of us who once memorized and tried to employ the six rules for planing during our manual training periods. The boys here need not plane all period in an attempt to reach the line drawn by a marking gauge. The planer, the joiner, and the power driven saws are all that are necessary to produce stock of the desired length, width, and thickness. Even with these aids the quality of the work produced is amazing. We see a couple of boys working on a tall step ladder that will be used in the School Department.

A dozen or more book-cases that will soon grace the libraries of the city's schools are lined up against the wall. There stands a large mahogany-faced cabinet. It is a real work of art that would cost the buyer well over one hundred dollars. A young man puts a smoothly planed board against a machine and proves that he can bore a square hole. We ask what he is building. To our surprise he answers, "French doors for the faculty play." They are even making the sets for the play soon to be produced on our own stage. The students here are certainly not amateurs, spending their time making useless ornaments.

The Vocational School may well be proud of its stockroom not only because it is the most recent innovation, but because it is the last word in a complete system. Every withdrawal from stock must be accounted for on a requisition card. The boy in charge files the cards and knows at any time just how much stock has been withdrawn and just what stock remains. Although these records are important, perhaps the greatest advantage of this work is the training for a stock clerk that the young man can acquire.

We continue our trip and visit the printing department. Here we find two electrically powered presses at which the more expert printers work, and a small pedal-operated press for beginners. This department does practically all the printing for the School Department from report cards to stationery used in the Superintendent's office. With its presses and many cases of type this room is no different from those of a professional printer.

In the paint shop some boys are at work refinishing desks and chairs from many schools. Another young man is lettering a sign that advertises a play soon to be produced under the auspices of a woman's organization in Pittsfield. Two boys are engaged in drawing plans for new rooms that are to be built in the basement. These vocational subjects, together with the study of fundamental aca-

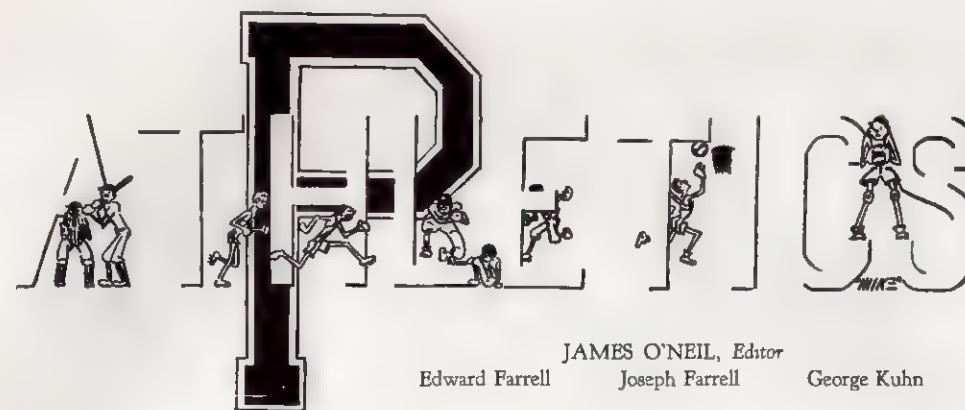


demical subjects, round out the program for the Boys' Department.

The girls of the school are offered subjects similar to those of the Household Arts course. The morning is spent in the study of cooking, sewing, and home-nursing while the afternoon is devoted to the academic subjects: English, mathematics, hygiene, and civics. On Friday afternoons most of the girls attend a "better posture" class in the gymnasium. Is it any wonder that the visitor likens the school to a giant ant hill with every occupant continually at work?

We have now learned the objectives of the Vocational School. We have seen that by spending six months in a single shop the student is able to develop versatility. He has worked with others and has developed a pride in good work. We have seen that everything the student does is part of a real job. We know there is no better way of gaining confidence in one's ability. Surely this

(Continued on page 23)



TRACK

About sixty candidates answered Coach Carmody's call for Varsity trackmen and he is looking forward to a very successful season. Although the squad will miss Lloyd Gross, star dash-man, Chuck Jorden, county champion high-jumper, and several lettermen lost by graduation, several veterans remain. Captain-elect Caesar Coradeschi will also be lost to the squad because of ill health.

Some of the veterans who answered the call are Howard Gleason and Johnny Hunt, dashmen; Bob Shepard, George Kuhn, and Buddy Evans, county champion quarter milers; Paul Ferland, county 880 title holder; Nils Hagstrom, veteran miler; and Paul Lasch and John Arigoni, weight men. There are also several other men from last year's squad to fill the vacancies.

Besides having an eye on another county title, the boys are eagerly awaiting the Western Mass. meet next month.

The schedule, although incomplete, books three meets. On May ninth, the annual season opener with Berkshire Prep; on the twenty-third the Western Mass. meet in Springfield; and on June fifth the Berkshire County meet at Williams College. Meets with

the Williams College freshmen and the Alumni are pending.

BASEBALL

Although the major league and college baseball teams have started their season, Coach Stewart has not yet issued a call for practice because of the inclement weather. Prospects for another county championship and a shot at the state title loom excellent, as six veterans and several reserves from last year's county champions are back. The infield and battery are all veterans.

Captain John Gilligan will be at first base, Gunnar Hagstrom at second, Jake Barnini at shortstop, and Bill Evans will hold down the "hot corner".

Ken Reed and Bill Johnson will probably draw the starting assignments on the mound and Dan Carey will do the receiving. Most of the heavy hitters have been lost by graduation but Bill Evans and Captain Gilligan, who hit very hard, remain.

Competition for the three vacant outfield berths will be keen and it is expected that the pitchers will cover a field when not twirling.

Practice will probably get started about the fifteenth and the season opens with a home game against Dalton May 8th.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Mary Atkinson and Mary McMahon, Editors
Dorothy Stead and Elizabeth Purdy, Assistants

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, was a red letter day for Pittsfield High's competent girl swimmers. They not only defeated the St. Joseph girls by a score of 29 to 25 but set a new 100-yard relay record for the Boys' Club pool. First place honors were equally shared by both teams. St. Joseph's captain, Mary Capeless, won the breast-stroke, and Lucille Bergain captured first place in the back-crawl. But Helen Roark and Loydann Perry by capturing first place in free-style and diving events, respectively, offset their opponents' victories. The first medley was won by St. Joseph's but the deciding event of the meet was the relay. Eleanor Russell, Georgetown Stone, Loydann Perry and Helen Roark composed the winning team and came through in such fine style that the four year old record was broken, and a new one of 59.5 seconds was established. Let's hope that we have another red letter day at the next meet, which will be held next month.

THE RESULTS of the girls' bowling tournament were recently posted. Theresa Ranti

showed her skill at the sport by topping them all with a score of 81 $\frac{2}{3}$. Mildred Laurin took second place by scoring 80 $\frac{2}{3}$, and Marguerite Smith came in third obtaining a score of 77 $\frac{2}{3}$. The girls did excellent work, and even the most experienced bowler doesn't scorn a score in the seventies and eighties.

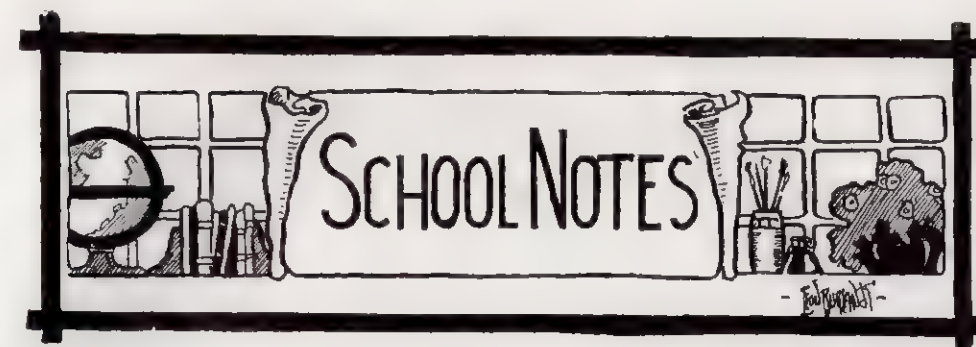
THE HARASSED EXPRESSIONS on the faces of Miss McLaughlin and Miss Ward are due, we hear, to the extensive work and preparation for the Girls' Pageant, which is to take the place of the usual exhibition. From what we have seen and heard, it should be worthy of the instructors and the girls. Better see about your tickets now, or you may be woefully disappointed.

LOYDANN PERRY's last entrance in school-girl competitive diving events was March 26. The points she scored were necessary in order to have Pittsfield High victorious. The swimming team will miss her, but it is hoped the team will continue to win laurels for P. H. S.

ATTENTION! ALUMNI NEWS FLASHES

By Sylvia Feinstock and George Kuhn

George Haylon '35	Massachusetts State College	Thomas H. Lennox '35	Clarkson College
Irving Hughes '35	Pennsylvania State College	Carolyn Luce '35	Framingham State College
Katherine Jacoby '35	Russell Sage	Nils McCarry '35	Iowa State College
Lucy Johnson '35	House of Mercy	Elizabeth Owen '35	Manhattanville
Arthur Johnson '36	Bay Path Institute	Christine Parker '35	North Adams State Normal
M. Antoinette Kennedy '35	Russell Sage	George Scully '35	Holy Cross College
Mary Kidney '35	North Adams State Normal	Marie Shallett '35	Columbia University
Margaret Knight '35	New Rochelle	Robert Slater '35	Oberlin College
Dorothy Kolman '35	Smith College	Lucia Sloper '35	Colby Junior College
Donald Landry '35	University of New Hampshire	Robert K. Stuart '35	Williams College
Arno Lehman '35	University of North Carolina	Robert Trauschke '36	Bay Path Institute
		Barbara Washburn '35	Western College
		David Wood '35	Massachusetts State College
		Mildred Klein '35	Ohio State University



GUEST OF HONOR

The Debating Club recently had as its guest of honor, William Greenwood, who was recently announced winner of the oratorical contest at Bates College. Mr. Greenwood is a graduate of P. H. S. in 1932.

"PATRONIZE THE FACULTY PLAY"

Have you ever made use of the school library? If you haven't, you've missed something and I'll bet your marks show it. If you have, you are indebted to the members of the faculty who have repeatedly put on these plays. Every year the faculty play realizes quite a sum of money with which to purchase books for our library. With tickets at thirty-five cents, every student should endeavor to patronize the play. Bring the girl friend, boys; reserved seat tickets are only 75 cents.

"The Bat" promises to be one of the best plays ever given by the faculty of our school. With such an able hero and heroine as Mr. Joyce and Miss Millet, the play couldn't help but be a success. The person taking the part of the bat is a mystery but we'll all keep an eye on Mr. Joyce's wings.

JUNIOR A TAX COLLECTORS

From now on all of you Junior A's will have a place to deposit your spare change. With graduation just around the corner, dues must be paid to help defray expenses of a banquet and caps and gowns used during graduation. Your local tax collectors are: Evelyn Bergstrom, Grace Adriance, Elva Wurgler, Amelia Strael, Virginia Ashley, Mary McMahon, Helen Creeper, Betty Horton, Betty Condon, and Philomena Carnevale.

FROM SUB-CHAIRMAN

William Oliver, prom chairman, and Milton J. Herrick, class adviser, have named the following as sub-chairmen for the various committees: decorations, Henry Halperin; tickets, Armand Feigenbaum; house, Sam Cutler; invitations, Marjorie Mercure; refreshments, Grace Adriance; publicity, Al-verse Lear; and reception, Elizabeth Quirk.

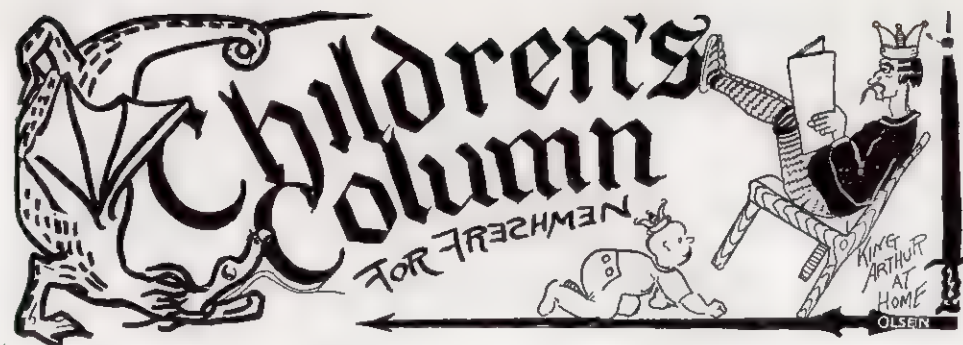
SENIOR RING COMMITTEE

Chris Brushkevitch, Business manager of the STUDENT'S PEN, has been chosen as chairman of the Senior A ring committee. He has chosen as his assistants Donald Sullivan, Warren Dunham, Walter Weller, Celia Tristany, Mary Schlatter, and Nellie Kowchuk.

COUNTY DEBATE

The decision of the recent debate with Great Barrington shocked the entire student body. But being very good sports we, so to speak, "took it on the chin."

Our team brought forth very strong arguments for the affirmative, and these arguments were delivered in a most excellent fashion. The opponents could have made their arguments stronger by little better delivery and most of all, having more facts. After all, are not the facts and their delivery the most important items of a debate? There is no answer but "yes". Why the judges could not see this is more than most of us can figure out. We are not saying that we should have won but we think that we should have been given a fair decision; such speakers as Harrington and Secunda should have convinced the judges of that.



By Ant Kitty and Uncle Lem

His hostess laughed when he walked up to the piano. She didn't know he was going to scratch a match.

cccccc

Heard at one of the games: "One gun was fired and twenty people fell dead."

cccccc

Mr. Herberg would have you know that the reason a graph crosses the x axis is to get to the other side.

cccccc

Miss Kaliher: "What's an Anti-Election Bill, Scharmann?"

Scott: "Product of a fevered mind."

cccccc

Miss Musgrove: "The only thing wrong with this excuse is that you wrote: 'Please excuse me.'"

cccccc

P. H. S. looks even battier than formerly, now that the faculty has decided to present "The Bat." We think that the faculty should select some pupil to play the title role.

cccccc

Lorraine Jansen: "There is something in the mountains that gets you."

Teacher: "What is it, a snake?"

cccccc

One of Miss Prediger's "students" firmly believes that laborers should have shorter hours and longer pay. And did you know that senators can't be arrested for breach of promise?

Tut, tut, Mr. Herberg! Teaching innocent young seniors and P. G.'s all the ins and outs of gambling!

cccccc

What happened to Earl Kanter while rubbernecking in New York?

cccccc

Miss Kaliher: "Will you stop that, Sweeney, or die?"

cccccc

Stan Scott thinks we should just let the Pacific Ocean roll into the Atlantic. And why not?

cccccc

We wish someone would tell us what Jimmy Sweeney keeps in that brown pocket-book he sports.

cccccc

The other day we met one of our friends in disguise. He had on a clean shirt.

cccccc

One of our P. G. girls has a couple of athletes on her trail. Which makes us wonder how Charlie McClintock's cold is.

cccccc

Why don't Ken Hammer and Warren Couch move down South Street and be done with it?

cccccc

Miss Doris Carmel doesn't know whether to talk to a certain senior A or not.

cccccc

And what was ant kitty up to at the Lenox Bird Sanctuary?

April, 1936

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I CAN BUTT A BRICK WALL

(Inspired by a talk given by Mr. Weisgarber)

By Betty Mitchell

I can butt a brick wall—
Oh, of course, I will fall
But I'll learn all the more from the falling;
By attempting a job
Though I'm jeered by the mob
I'll do better than those who are stalling.

They may call me a nut
But I'll answer, "So what?"
They will swallow their words when I'm famous;
If I try long enough,
They'll say "You've got the stuff;
We have all changed our minds; can you blame us?"

They may laugh at me now,
But I'll just take a bow
And tell them I think they are pleasing;
For folks sneered at the Wrights
Who tried flying in kites.
The success they soon gained was appealing.

And whoever could tell
That the same Mr. Bell
Whom most of the town thought quite strange
Was soon to rejoice
When he showed that a voice
Could be heard, though 'twas miles out of range?

Too, Columbus believed
That most folks were deceived
When they thought that the world was quite flat;
They, in turn, thought his head
Just a thing which was dead,
And only a place for his hat.

So I really do blush
When they say with a hush
"Oh, his mind is just somewhat battered";
For they class as my brothers
Those mentioned, and others,
Who later were honored and flattered.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

(Continued from page 18)

school is the necessary bridge between the academic school and industry. When the student must begin to earn his own living—and the school helps him find work—he has these years of experience behind him. It is something that can be relied on to see him through.

BOOKS ON PARADE

(Continued from Page 16)

turned aghast at the thousands who die needlessly of illnesses whose remedies and preventatives are known! Merely because they are within the claws of poverty. A breath-taking story that shames us with such needless sacrifice of human life.

The History of Piracy, by Philip Gosse. This history covers the lives and exploits of the leading pirates from classical to modern times. Mr. Gosse's work is acclaimed to be the last word in scholarship and in dramatic interest on the gallant scoundrels who sailed under the Jolly Roger. The most interesting type of history, it seems to me one could read.

AUNT MARY'S CHOICE

(Continued from Page 13)

Her eyes twinkled as she glanced at Helen.

"Then, too, I am very fond of 'horrid old cats.' In fact, I have two of my own. I'm afraid they would annoy Helen, but I think Jean will enjoy them."

When her aunt finally left the room, Helen confided somewhat ruefully to her father, "Well I suppose that's that, but after this I'll keep my opinions to myself. After all, I guess other people are capable of looking after themselves. And perhaps next year Aunt Mary will invite me to visit her—especially if I cultivate an affection for nice cuddly cats."

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO...

(Continued from Page 12)

One evening Peggy asked Lynda about Chuck. The whole story was then related to her, step by step. Of Tommy's fears, the plot to get Chuck out of Peggy's mind, and of Chuck's dishonesty.

Peggy was shocked at Chuck, but she could not help being pleased with Tommy for his concern.

The next time that Tommy came to see Peggy, she treated him so sweetly that it pounded upon his sense of justice! (She didn't let on that she knew what was worrying him). Though she thought it a joke on him and laughed inwardly, she felt very proud when he painfully confessed the story Lynda had told her, with the exception of Chuck's misdeed.

Laughing, she told him that Lynda had told her the whole thing a day before. She said, "What an old silly, to think that I liked that swell-head!"

That night when he was walking home, he thought of how foolish he was to have doubted Peggy. He whistled the rest of the way home, and that night his dreams were full of a pair of blue eyes, and of fluffy yellow curls.

PROS AND CONS OF BEING A P. G.

(Continued from Page 11)

I don't like the taste of English or algebra, no teacher can force me to swallow it. Oh, how I longed to be able to do that when I was a junior and even more as a senior! For who would take Muzzey's "History of the American People" if he didn't have to? Not I.

So you lowly sophomores, aspiring juniors, and haughty seniors, study hard and don't be late for class too often, and maybe some day you'll be a P. G. But remember, life as a member of that group isn't all milk and honey, for it's lots more fun when you're really a student of P. H. S. and not outsiders, as we are. Take it from one who knows.

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It seems that some young gentleman from
Greenfield accompanies Virginia Broderick
up to the Berkshire Museum on Sunday
afternoons.

cccccc

At last Mr. Lynch has found a class who
will argue with him about water-meters.
The fifth-period class is the intelligent
group.

cccccc

What did Miss Daly hope to find on the
label of Farrell's cough medicine?

cccccc

The Bible says "Go thou and do likewise."
We wonder if that refers to the chiseling
some of our lofty alumni used to do in class.

cccccc

Mr. Lynch's second period class took a
trip to the boiler room. The class returned
to Room 330, except for three young gen-
tlemen. Their tale later was: "We were
locked in the coal bin and had to get out by
the man-hole." We wonder?

cccccc

Were Farrell and Holden at a party to-
gether?

cccccc

Jake Barnini is taking up music in quite
an expensive way. He is particularly fond of
Mellodys.

cccccc

Miss Helene Carmel goes in for bowling in
a big way.

cccccc

The conceit of some people!

Ozzie Nelson gives us material about him
to put in this column.

cccccc

Joe Overlock does not believe in writing
letters. He says they're too committing.

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